

Yellow Chip Vegas Labyrinth and Tall Beverage

A working person waking an hour before sunrise, arriving at a major or minor casino (Las Vegas or any other gambling town) will, if inclined to the arts, absorb unique light and vibes that roil invisible from employee halls and outside doors perhaps round the back of a big gaming outfit, maybe downtown, in an alley covered with spikes of new sun or weird glows of overcast...or they might even travel the public front entrance, right off the street, with those hired moving around ding-ding slots and cigarette tables into a corporate or private maze hidden by beefy doors or guards from former military runs, maybe ex-police...and there it begins, unlike almost all others “coming to work” throughout the world.

A creature calling itself “artist” will find razor shadow in Vegas, stuff like holiday dinners with no ingredients, mystery and money in worlds of lovely clothes and people, much of it bracketed top or low, liquor dazzled over laughter of groups in secret or blocked elite lounges, card games with bets of a single penny or a few piled with chips the cost of an average human’s US\$350K home, with a garage or two. Or three.

Vegas is a place like a cake covered in strange rainbows, black, gold, green, silver, plus many layers moving opposite or similar directions. Economics are here and there, from stupid poor to stupid billionaire, with sabre smart Homo sapiens scattered through it all. Cool odd unique people, too.

For me, born and raised in the 60s northern piece of town...I saw it all and knew Goodfellas, kingpins, casino chefs, minor janitors, idiot managers, brilliant managers, tactical brains watching all, games in night and day and night again washed by people either few or swarming with some in the despair-side of walking earth and some so loaded with joy and passage they built castles of colored-colored chips in front of or on the tables.

With some of the chips *orange*.

Much can be learned from this kind of stuff...if you watch close and quiet. I myself came through the Vegas era between *Lost In Space* and Jim Cameron's *TITANIC*, experiencing almost casino everything. I found a Nazi war room, wise guys at dinner and private games, men and women rich through daylight exosphere or people from many nations who sometimes dropped big bits of money (US\$15K+) on the floor outside their own room...and yet other people shooting small small paychecks or meagre Social Security bucks to vapor. Time and again.

Add to it (among other things) the owner of a major iconic property who sat in front of me with his "brandy ginger" every night and never looked up even once while he signed his own name over and over and over on a paper bar napkin.

As the story goes, I could write 120K+ words about Vegas everything. With coffee in one hand and "Van Halen I" (recorded on Sunset & Cherokee) playing via Apple Music. But I won't go there. For one, I've scribbled a bit of Vegas non-fiction already (around 25K words) and may do more while padding hundreds of Vegas "art" photos (hate that word, frankly) and non-Vegas poems and prose.

Regardless if visual or written I don't reveal name, rank, or serial number. Discretion is a deity. Positive shine? Different thing. Names okay.

Positives things are a crazy chunk of my life Vegas experience, from men and women of Greenspuns to Fertittas, DiMarias and the unknowns, stellar execs of many departments...so many genuine top-caliber people of incredible business and cultural ability. I was fortunate in their echo, here and there...and however else.

And yes, all a galaxy-sized contribution to personal art genetics. Vegas, baby. Wow. Negative? Plenty. Only worth a hint; no ID. Meanwhile, across the planet you'll find many things about the kaleidoscope Las Vegas panorama, a labyrinthine stretch of logic, oddity, vast stories and legends. Much of it influenced my personal work for decades— somehow, some way, and often a bit different from candy apples or bubbly 7-Up in a taco shell.

And on it goes, hopefully to A24 or Scott Free. Or Appian Way...?

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Note: A yellow chip (sometimes gold) is worth US\$1000 on Vegas tables. Give or take.

End.